

we had a fight & she went alone
I wasn't there when she returned
the marriage lasted 4 months
since then
I seldom encounter anyone 'in the field'

\$10

in 1971 I hocked a black star sapphire ring
it was the only way
to get out of Key West
ten dollars looked better than a kick in the ass
it put some gas in the tank
got us to Miami
where we were hired to work at The Flamingo Lodge
in the Everglades

we eventually made it back to the northeast
my mother noticed the missing ring
I told her it was too big
she said she'd have it fixed
I told her the truth
she'd given it to me after Marvin Moncour's untimely demise
he hadn't meant much to me
his ring meant even less
if the ring was so important to her
she should've kept it
that ended that potential conflict

Dora Flynn gave me a pocket watch with inscription
for one of my birthdays
even though I had told her I didn't like watches
Dora is out of my life
the watch was even tougher to shake
nobody was interested in a Calibrei
I took it to a hock shop where I was photographed
& finally unloaded it
for how much?
ten bucks

the boss

I remember when he started
driving for Yellow
nobody liked him
it was his attitude
sort of a combination
spaceshot/great white father

now he has 2 cabs
& a few drivers
including me
other drivers still come up to me
& ask why I'm working for him
one guy almost kicked his ass in the office
another one turned him down flat
I ran into a Haitian friend
who used to drive for Yellow
he remembered the boss
stealing one of his fares
& calling him a nigger as well
the boss likes to suck on his pipe
he constantly sets himself up
for a verbal haymaker
I land one every chance I can
he doesn't believe in abortion
according to him
life is sacred

just trying to read a little Nietzsche

I'm already \$17 in the hole
the night man didn't gas up
combined with a \$7 cab fare
to pick up the cab I drive
left me with 2 receipts
& a long wait
for a job
on Labor Day
I'm second on the stand
#194 joins the line
she works in an office
& owns her own cab
she loves the cab life
because she wants to be 'different'
I put down Nietzsche
as she walks over
I listen to 5 or 6 cabdriving cliches
before she tells me
that I look like Gene Siskel
aside from the fact that I have more hair
a nonpompous attitude
& a better looking face
we're practically identical
she isn't the first to bust my chops
about the Siskel connection
the next one will pay